

A Psalm of Thanksgiving to God for his Mercies,

By J A M E S N A Y L O R,

Published by him after his Fall, 1659.

IT is in my Heart to praise thee, O my God! Let me never forget thee, what thou hast been to me in the Night, by thy Presence in the Day of Trial; when I was beset in Darknes, when I was cast out as a wandering Bird, when I was assaulted with strong Temptations, then thy Presence in secret did preserve me, and in a low Estate I felt thee near me; when the Floods sought to sweep me away, thou didst set a Compass for them how far they should pass over; when my Way was through the Sea, and when I passed under the Mountains, there was thou present with me; when the Weight of the Hills was upon me, thou upheldst me, else had I sunk under the earth; when I was as one altogether helpless, when Tribulation and Anguish was upon me Day and Night, and the Earth without Foundation; when I went on the Way of Wrath, and passed by the Gates of Hell; when all Comforts stood afar off, and he that is mine Enemy had Dominion; when I was cast into the Pit, and was as one appointed to Death; when I was between the Millstones, and as one crushed with the Weight of his Adversary, as a Father thou wast with me, and the Rock of thy Presence. When the Mouths of Lions roared against me, and Fear took hold on my Soul in the Pit, then I called upon thee in the Night, and my Cries were strong before thee daily, who answered me from thy Habitation, and deliveredst me from thy Dwelling-Place, saying, "I will set thee above all thy Fears, and lift up thy Feet above the Head of Oppression." I believed and was strengthened, and thy Word was Salvation. Thou didst fight on my Part, when I wrestled with Death; and when Darknes would have shut me up, then thy Light shone about me, and thy Banner was over my Head. When my Work was in the Furnace, and as I passed through the Fire by thee I was not consumed, though the Flames ascended above my Head. When I beheld the dreadful Visions, and was amongst the fiery Spirits, thy Faith stayed me, else through Fear I had fallen. I saw thee, and believed, so the enemy could not prevail.

When I look back into thy Works, I am astonished, and see no End of thy Praises! Glory, Glory to thee, saith my Soul! and let my Heart be ever filled with Thanksgiving. Whilst thy Works remain, they shall shew forth thy Power. Then didst thou lay the Foundation of the Earth, and ledst me under the Waters, and in the Deep didst thou shew me Wonders, and the Forming of the World. By thy Hand thou ledst me in Safety, till

thou shewedst me the Pillars of the Earth: Then did the Heavens shower down, they were covered with Darknes, and the Powers thereof were shaken, and thy Glory descended. Thou filledst the lower Parts of the Earth with Gladnes, and the Springs of the Vallies were opened, and thy Showers descended abundantly, so the Earth was filled with Virtue. Thou madest thy Plant to spring, and the thirsty Soul became as a watered Garden: Then didst thou lift me out of the Pit, and set me forth in the Sight of my Enemies. Thou proclaimedst Liberty to the Captive, and calledst mine Acquaintance near me: They to whom I had been a Wonder, looked upon me, and in thy Love I obtained Favour in those who had forsook me. Then did Gladnes swallow up Sorrow, and I forsook all my Troubles; and I said, "How good is it that Man be proved in the Night, that he may know his Folly, that every Mouth may become silent in thy Hand, until thou makest Man known to himself, and hast slain the Boaster, and shewed him the Vanity that vexeth thy Spirit!"

J. NAYLOR.

About Two Hours before his Death he spoke in the Presence of several Witnesses, these Words:

THERE is a Spirit which I feel, that delights to do no Evil, nor to revenge any Wrong; but delights to endure all Things, in Hope to enjoy its own in the End: Its Hope is to out-live all Wrath and Contention, and to weary out all Exaltation and Cruelty, or whatever is of a Nature contrary to itself. It sees to the End of all Temptations: As it bears no Evil in itself, so it conceives none in Thoughts to any other: If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its Ground and Spring is the Mercies and Forgiveness of God. Its Crown is Meekness, its Life is everlasting Love unfeigned, and takes its Kingdom with Entreaty, and not with Contention, and keeps it by Lowliness of Mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its Life: Its conceived in Sorrow, and brought forth without any to Pity it; nor doth it murmur at Grief and Oppression: It never rejoiceth but through Sufferings; for with the World's Joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken; I have Fellowship therein with them who have lived in Dens and desolate Places in the Earth, who through Death obtained this Relation and eternal holy Life.

J. N.